

you're not a constant star

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you're not a constant star

by [kisscamcolby](#)

Summary

After the Metros win over the Moscow Central Red Army in the 1980 Super Series, Shane picks Ilya as his winner's room forfeit.

Notes

hello all! this is my first fic for the heated rivalry fandom. ive read the book but this is set solely in the TV universe. this fic centers around the Super Series, which was nine years worth of series between the Soviet hockey league and the NHL from the 1970s to the 90s. The Montreal Canadiens and Moscow Central Red Army played numerous times over the years, and this fic is set after the Canadien's 1980 win, with the Canadiens now being the Metros, haha. They played once before that in 1976, which is widely regarded as one of the best hockey games of all time.

for those new to the winner's room trope it's basically: the NHL has a rule where the winner of a game gets to pick a guy off the losing team and have sex with him. i think that's basically the only thing you need to know about it. hope you enjoy!

See the end of the work for [more notes](#)

- Inspired by [Restricted Work] by [cascara_soda](#)

Montreal Metros vs Moscow Central Red Army
1980 Super Series

The Metros run away with a clean 4-2 victory over the Soviets. In the handshake line, Shane holds onto Rozanov's sweaty hand for just a second too long, leans in and says, "See you in there."

Rozanov smirks and pulls his hand away before moving onto Pike in line behind Shane, and Shane does the same to the monster Belarusian defender in the line behind Romanov.

After, when the interviews are over and the fans have gone home, when Shane's taken as thorough a shower as he dares to in their communal bathroom with everyone towel snapping their captain and snorting lines of coke off sink ledges, when he's changed into the soft Champion sweatshirt his dad got him for Christmas two weeks ago, high white socks and a pair of shorts—the guys start giving him shit for the winner's room he gets tonight as their captain.

"Hey Hollander," Lafleur says next to him, "give that Soviet S.O.B. hell from me."

"Rip him a new one," Shutt laughs. "The Sabres'll thank you when they go to Buffalo and the Red Army's *kep-tin* has to sit."

Shane laughs and toes on his runners—Reebok; they're a new endorsement, and Shane has to be seen in them basically every time he leaves the house. He thinks about the K on Rozanov's bright red jersey and feels a shiver run down his spine.

"Sure," he says to Lafleur and Shutt and all the guys around the room with glazed expressions and easy smiles—high from the coke or buzzed from the beers being passed around the room. "Buffalo can send me a thank you card or something."

Pike claps him on the shoulder and shakes him a little before he sticks his cigarette in Shane's mouth. Shane doesn't smoke, not really, not like some of the other guys. "Now, now, Cap has *manners*," he says to the room. "Hollander'll just bruise his knees and fuck up his throat a little." When he opens his mouth to laugh, Shane sticks his cigarette back between his lips.

They laugh and drink together for a while longer. It's a good group. Shane won't jinx it, but when he's buzzed off a couple of beers like he is now, he thinks they could go all the way again—their fifth cup in a row.

Finally, their head trainer comes in with a familiar clipboard and pen in hand, and the guys whoop and cheer as he heads out of their locker room towards the place down the hallway that sits nestled between an equipment storage room and a broom closet.

Shane's been there a lot, both as a winner and forfeit, but there's not usually a 6'3" Soviet on the other side of the door waiting for him. His pulse quickens with every step down the concrete hallway.

"I know we've gone through this before," the Metros' trainer says as he looks at the clipboard before he lets Shane go in when they reach the heavy door, "but just as a reminder: any injury to the other player regardless of who the forfeit is will result in a fine, a forfeit refusing to participate must be reported so they can be fined, any discussion of what happens in the winner's room will result in a fine—hey, I bet the forfeit can't even speak English this time, so no chance of that, huh?"

"Right," Shane says. There's a buzzing in the tips of his fingers, a feeling building in his gut—anticipation, nerves. His ribcage feels like it's vibrating. No, Rozanov won't tell. A bolt of adrenaline zips through him like he's been lightning struck.

"Whatever, you know the rest—sign here."

His hands are shaking a little, and he has to grip the pen harder than usual when he puts his signature on the acknowledgement form.

"See you on the other side, Hollander," their trainer says and slaps his arm before walking back towards the locker room, no doubt to snag a beer for himself.

"See you," he says back and takes a deep, grounding breath before he pushes open the metal door.

Rozanov's waiting for him on the mattress they have in the middle of the room pushed back against a wall, with a plastic waterproof cover over the top so the equipment managers can clean up after them more easily. Shane remembers being eighteen, chosen for his first room and not being able to look Frank in the eye for a week after he almost certainly saw Shane's come all over the mattress cover.

"Hollander," Rozanov says. There's a bare pillow behind his back and a fresh cigarette hanging from between his lips. His accent is so thick it almost makes Shane's head spin, the way it curls around his name. *Ah-lin-derr*. Rozanov's naked already, a half aroused cock sitting pretty between his spread legs. Saliva floods Shane's mouth. He swallows hard. "Good game."

"For the Metros, at least," Shane says. The door slams shut behind him as he comes to the edge of the bed.

Rozanov scoffs. "Shit goaltending," he shrugs. "I got more points than you."

"*One* more," Shane says and bites his lip to keep from smiling. Rozanov potted both of the Red Army's goals while Shane got an assist on Lafleur's game winner.

Rozanov is quiet for a moment as he puffs on his cigarette, his eyes roaming over Shane's body before he says, "Take your clothes off. Come on; I want to see you."

"This is *my* room," Shane says smiling even as he toes off his runners. "I don't have to listen to you." He shucks his sweatshirt off and folds it up before he puts it on the pathetic lounge chair they have in the corner that every guy Shane knows just uses as a place to throw their clothes.

Taking his cigarette out of his mouth and holding it between two fingers, Rozanov smirks before he says, "Don't *have* to, but... I think you like it anyway."

Shane rolls his eyes, but folds up his shorts too. He's free balling it since he was going to get naked anyway, so stands there bare except his white socks.

"Do not," he says, because he has to, because 23 years of protesting these kind of thoughts forces him to.

But Rozanov already has a hungry look in his eyes and an open mouth as he stares at Shane's cock, which is filling out. "Fuck," he says simply before he puts out his cigarette in the ash tray on the end table. "Come here."

And Shane goes, like a dog on a leash, like a dog when they're called. He kneels on the bed and crawls towards Rozanov before falling down to his elbows, his nose in Rozanov's curly light hair at the base of his cock. Last time they were here, it was longer and even more unruly than it is now.

"Shit," Rozanov sighs. "Suck me, Hollander."

A hot swell of excitement bubbles up through Shane as his tongue darts out to lick at Rozanov's salty, sweaty skin—he didn't shower after the game, of course. He reeks, but in that shameful way that makes Shane want to touch himself.

He lets himself have this so seldomly. During the regular season when a guy hasn't washed before the room, he curses at them in French and chirps their B.O. on the ice the next time he sees them.

Instead of taking his own cock in hand, he inhales deeply and digs his fingertips into Rozanov's thighs—muscular, powerful, capable of taking massive strides up the ice with the puck to blow past all of the Metros' defenders and slide two goals through Sevigny. "Fuck," Rozanov breathes above him, sounding just as wrecked as Shane already feels.

Shane closes his eyes and gets to work. He knows by now, after five years in the league, how to make a guy come fast and not seem like a queer while he does it. A combination of hands and tongue, shoving one of the porno magazines they keep in here towards the guy so he can stare at a picture of some tits and forget it's Shane whose mouth he's fucking into.

But he doesn't do any of that now.

Now, he slowly slides his flat tongue along the length of Rozanov's cock, trying to memorize every vein, every ridge—where the crown starts and how Rozanov sucks in a shaky breath as Shane laps over the slit, licking up the precome that gets spat out as he does. He tongues over it a few more times until Rozanov's thighs are trembling below his fingers.

Fitting his mouth over the head, Shane slowly sinks down. Drool slides past his lips and eases his way until finally he has to pull back—Rozanov has a big cock and Shane can't actually get his throat fucked raw or everyone will know. He's supposed to be the one fucking up the Soviet, not the other way around.

He sucks dick often enough, but it's always such a shock to his system, like flame catching to burn down a house. His mouth fills with the heavy weight of cock and his muscles unclench; he licks over someone's balls and his blood runs just a little bit faster.

Heart racing, Shane pulls back up and lets the crown of Rozanov's cock settle on his tongue, pressing up against his soft palate at the top of his mouth. He suckles at the head, alternating suction, and Rozanov's hip buck up—too much, too fast.

"Sorry, sorry," Rozanov says as Shane gags.

He puts his hand at the base and squeezes a little, pulling a punched-out groan from Rozanov.

He's breathing hard above Shane, and his hands has found their way to him—one tangled in Shane's hair, the other cradling his jaw as he moves up and down. Rozanov's thumb moves back and forth over Shane's bottom lip, jutting out around Rozanov's cock. It ignites something inside of Shane, burning him down to his base instincts.

He wants so much it hurts.

"Fuck, Hollander," Rozanov keens. Shane wonders if that was the first English word he learned; his enunciation is sharp and precise, over-pronouncing the K at the end. "*Fuck*."

Shane starts to move his hand in sync with his mouth, sucking as he pumps up and down, tasting Rozanov's skin and breathing in his musky smell through his nose.

Rozanov's hand goes tight in his hair—Shane's mouth drops open even wider as a long moan escapes him—and he lets Shane have his cock for another second longer before he pulls him off.

"Gonna come," Rozanov says, "and I still want to fuck you."

"There's lube the drawer," Shane says. A steady beat of heat drums through him. His fingertips feel tingly again, all his nerves on edge. Finally. The Red Army and the Metros met for the first time in the '76 Super Series when they were both rookies. They each got gifted the room by their captains. Shane's been waiting for Rozanov to come back ever since.

Rozanov says, "Get on your back."

His English has improved so much since then. Shane wonders if he has someone to practice with. For all he knows, Rozanov's got a little Russian wife at home, maybe a kid. Shane's dating Rose after all, although she's in California right now promoting her next movie.

Shane falls onto his back, and Rozanov hooks his hands under his knees, bringing them up to his chest. "Keep them here," he says simply. Shane nods and grabs onto his kneecaps, his heart racing. He's so hard he thinks he might combust soon, a pounding need that was easier to ignore when he had Rozanov's cock in his mouth.

Rozanov pours onto his fingers some of the sticky lube they keep in the rooms, even though basic manners really only ever has guys demanding blowjobs unless its someone they really

hate. A lot of guys hate Shane, hate the way he can dance around defenders and score, hate his cup rings, hate his team. He takes it up the ass a lot.

"Breathe," Rozanov says like Shane is new to this. He fits two fingers against Shane's hole and slowly slides them in.

"God," Shane can't help but say. "God, fuck." Most of the guys in the room don't do this. They don't slowly pump their fingers in and out like Rozanov's doing to him now, don't wiggle them around inside until they find his prostate and send sparks of pleasure shooting through his body like fireworks, don't scissor them in and out to stretch him open so he can take their cocks.

In '76, they were both dancing around each other half the time they were in here until they finally caught each other's eye and recognized themselves in the other. Rozanov smirked down at him and sing-songed *oh you like it*, and Shane had groaned and nodded, and Rozanov put his mouth next to Shane's ear and whispered *I like it too* before he started pounding into him.

"Rozanov, I'm gonna—fuck, you gotta—"

"Don't *gotta* do anything," Rozanov says and fucks his fingers into Shane more roughly, faster for just a moment before he mercifully pulls out. "Think you're ready though."

He lubes up his cock as Shane tries to catch his breath. He's all wet around his hole from the lube like a girl's pussy and it makes his gut clench even as he tries to hold back the tide of his orgasm. He and Rose don't fuck very often—she likes to say they have a more sophisticated relationship than that, but the few times he's gotten inside of her she's been wet and easy to slide into.

It feels good. He wonders if he'll feel like that for Rozanov now, lubed up and spread open like this. He's not going to last long, but even that feels okay in here right now.

He usually has to stop it from coming by pinching his inner thigh or thinking about his dead grandmother or something. You don't want to seem too eager in the winner's rooms, and it's taken years of practice to be able to look at the titty magazines while someone else gets their mouth on him before waiting an appropriate amount of time to grunt and come and push the other guy away.

Rozanov starts to push in at a steady pace, not too rough but not giving Shane a moment to adjust. His cock is long, and thick, and Shane's fingers dig into his kneecaps as Rozanov keeps going until he's finally bottomed out, hips pressed at Shane's ass.

"Going to fuck you now," Rozanov says with a smirk and he drops a kiss to the corner of Shane's mouth, quick, over in the blink of an eye. Shane can feel the point where his lips touched like they've burned him.

Rozanov must get a taste for it though because as he starts rolling his hips into Shane—slowly at first and then picking up speed until the slapping sound of skin hitting skin fills the room and Shane's mouth falls open as his eyes roll back—he starts kissing everywhere.

"Fuck, fuck, *God fuck*, Rozanov," he's saying, words falling out of his mouth without permission as Rozanov kisses over his jaw and fills him up with his cock, his heavy balls hitting Shane's ass with every thrust.

Rozanov shifts a little and shoves three fingers into Shane's mouth and Shane's coming before he even has a chance to stop it—his whole body clenching up as he erupts and then muscles going limp as soon as it's over, panting heavily around Rozanov's fingers.

Overstimulated shockwaves send shivers through his body as Rozanov doesn't stop or slow down. If anything, he fucks into Shane even harder, kissing his jaw, his cheekbones, down to his clavicle and over his shoulder, his fingers in Shane's mouth muffling the whines and cries that are trying to come out.

Shane is shaking when Rozanov finally buries his cock one more time and comes deep inside of Shane. His hips pump little circles as he does, a long groan as he breaks off from kissing the sensitive spot behind Shane's ear. When he finally stills and it's over, he bites Shane's earlobe and slides his fingers out of his mouth.

"That was good for you," Rozanov says and pulls out, wet and sticky and messy.

Shane throws an arm over his eyes and laughs under his breath before he says, "Are you asking me or telling me?"

"No need to ask," Rozanov says, "because I know. It was good for you." He grins crookedly.

Shane moves his arm to behind his head and glares up a little before he says, "Yeah, well, it was good for you too."

Rozanov chuckles and reaches down to his pile of clothes on the floor before plucking a cigarette and a lighter from his pants pocket. He lights up and inhales a long drag before holding out the cigarette to Shane.

He takes it between two fingers and they share a cigarette together, passing it back and forth in the quiet as they lay there naked.

"When do you go back to Russia?" Shane finally asks.

Rozanov exhales some smoke into the air and flicks ashes into the tray they pulled onto the bed. "We go back to America, then here again, then home."

"Excited to go back?" Shane asks. His heart does a little flip inside his chest.

"I like it here."

Shane smiles. "Gonna defect? The Metros would take you."

Rozanov looks down seriously at him and says, "No. Don't joke about that."

"Sorry," Shane's quick to say. He reaches out for the cigarette and tries not to cough around the smoke in his lungs when he inhales around it.

Rozanov looks at him for a moment before he says, "Better not to want what I can't have."

Shane thinks about Rozanov coming over here in the cover of darkness and international flights, smuggled into Canada. Rozanov on his team, the two of them scoring goals together. Maybe getting an apartment together after he broke up with Rose—it's not that weird, lots of guys have roommates on the team. They only had an hour in a winner's room four years ago, but Shane still feels desire crash through him like a flash flood.

"Yeah," Shane says, "I get that."

They share their cigarette back and forth a while long while Rozanov flips through the magazines and laughs at some of the guys' cocks and makes fun of the girls' O-faces. Finally, though, he looks at the clock that's been ticking above the door and snuffs out the cigarette before he says, "I should go."

"Me too," Shane agrees.

They get redressed in silence and Shane has one hand on the door when Rozanov shoves him up against the wall and presses his lips to Shane's one last time. His hand holds onto Shane's chin, pinning him down in place as Rozanov slides his tongue into Shane's mouth.

Shane sighs and sucks on Rozanov's tongue as Rozanov grinds their cocks together through their clothes before pulling away with a growl.

"See you next month at Olympics," Rozanov says with a wink and throws the door open to leave.

It slams shut behind him as Shane is left alone, his head spinning.

End Notes

you can find me @montrealmetros on tumblr for heated rivalry stuff and @utahmammoth for hockey rpf

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